[experiemental fic format] SPN/Shadow Man fusion

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An explanation for this: Supernatural/Shadow Man crossover, written in an AU S6 for SPN and written out of order. These are fragmented pieces that fit the tone best, I think.

Primarily, it's a fusion of the idea of Legion, God, and one Marco Cruz in one hodge-podge of writing.

Many thanks to **ravenspear** for basically bringing this into creation, and for transcribing Marco's lines.

(Divinity isn't anything to do with being good, Dean. It has nothing to do with being moral. / He's an artist, you know, like, he's a warrior priest from beyond the stars!)

"Divinity isn't anything to do with being good, Dean. It has nothing to do with being moral." Castiel's eyes are far too bright, and he is far too earnest. He's smiling. "Divinity is *love*. It means never being alone. For we are many."

"WHERE IS THAT FUCKING DISCO MUSIC COMING FROM?"

"It's how I endure the valley of death, mister, and it's how we're gonna rock and roll through the slings and arrows of out-raaaageous fortune - "

"I think he's alone - " Sam is cut off by gunfire.

"Alone? Alone!? For we. are. many! PILGRIMS! You're facing an army, a bright and shining army that's come for your death, come to the lights and sounds of this fantastic battleground - "

"He's alone, but he's fucking nuts."

Castiel clutches at his forehead, struggling to keep a firm grip on his individuality. But for all of his noble purpose, he is slipping.

Angels aren't meant to be alone.

A soul comes to him with dance.

"Yo, soul-brother!"

Castiel barely needs to look at the human soul to know everything about it: Marco Cruz, an insane man, a man not afraid to take lives and laugh while doing so; Marco has no respect for life.

He gets echoes, flashes; a speech:

You know full well that the firewalk is all about keeping your *cool*, about being the *iceman* cometh through the valley of *outrageous* fortune. Here comes slings and arrows, Mister Yorrick; let's rock and roll *through* that valley of death. Yeeee-hoooooo!

I mean, if you, like, met God, would you *know*? I mean, would he be a *kind* man, a *righteous* man? Would he, like, turn water into wine, make loaves and fishes? The miracle isn't the *point*, man; divinity is nothing to do with being *good*, with being moral! When he speaks to me, he speaks in *poetry!* He's an artist, you know, like, he's a warrior priest from beyond the stars!

You can't make it on your own, pilgrim; you should know *that!* It's the only situation where you *need* the *numbers*. Like, what is a *one*, when you could have *many?* When you could have a *five?* It's a gestaltic thing, pilgrim; it makes away with the fear and loathing, it means *never* having

to say you're *sorry*.

Yo! Soul-*brother*! Shall. We. *Dance?* It's about that *time;* time for the fandango through the flames, the hot rock harmony of the sound of sizzling flesh, and his Tijuana orchestra.

"Are you an artist?" Marco's eyes are too bright, too curious. "Are you God, man?"

Castiel shrinks from being this man's God.

"Hey, hey, I won't try to worship you, man, or pray, that's not what it's *about*!"

Castiel gets up. He doesn't want this soul to speak to him. He doesn't want to be -

"Are you *alone*?"

Castiel stills himself, and looks at Marco.

"God's not alone, never alone, for he is *everywhere*, and he is *everyone*, and he is *many*!" Marco never loses that over-excited, half-singing tone, never sounds bored. He means everything he says with all his heart. "So, God! Don't be alone, don't ever be alone, alone means you're one and one can fall where numbers can pull you up and if you are many you will never lose *any*thing important - love, adoration, excitement, adventure, dance!"

"I'm loved," Castiel says. It might be a protest. He thinks that Marco is a fanatic.

"Then you aren't, y'know, alone!" Marco's grin is crazed.

Castiel turns away.

The nature of God: he is everywhere, he is everyone, he can feel everything and hear everything and -

how can he be merciful if he is *mad*?